

# Labour in *Vain*

O R,

## The Taylor *no Man*.

Containing, the Lamentation of  
Wife, for her hard Usage, and his

Tune of, *Let Mary Live Long.*

Licenced according to Order

**Y**oung Women I pray  
Be pleased to pity  
My sorrowful ditty,  
This Eighteen Months day  
I have been a Bride;  
Yet I'll make it appear,  
I am never the hear,  
I'm forc'd to complain,  
My husband he Treats me,  
My husband he Treats me,  
With Labour in vain.

'Tis very well known,  
I am a sweet Beauty,  
If he did his duty,  
This sorrowful mean  
I need never make;  
But I'm made a meer fool  
By a fumbling tool,  
Which makes me complain,  
An weep when he Treats me,  
And weep when he Treats me,  
With Labour in vain.

A Taylor good Lord,  
He is by profession,  
Who wanting discretion,  
He shall be obhorr'd  
By me I declare,  
For the Cabbidging Knave,  
Tho' I covet and crave,  
He lets me complain,  
And Treats me with nothing,  
And Treats me with nothing,  
But Labour in vain.

In Cucumber time,  
I kept my self quiet,  
Concluding his Diet,  
Occasion'd this Crime,  
I mean his neglect.  
But the Cucumbers cold  
I knew would not hold,  
So I would not complain,  
'Tis all one he Treats me,  
'Tis all one he Treats me,  
With Labour in vain.

I feed him he knows  
With dainties at pleasure,  
That he in some measure  
Might readily close  
To give me content:  
I have made him Cock-broth,  
And yet by my troth  
No comfort I gain,  
He Treats me with nothing,  
He Treats me with nothing,  
But Labour in vain.

Altho' I may strive  
To stifle my passion,  
My grief and vexation,  
What woman alive  
Would suffer this wrong,  
Tis a wonder each day,  
That I don't run astray,  
Some comfort to gain,  
So long as he Treats me,  
So long as he Treats me  
With Labour in vain.

Well, had I but known,  
That when I was wedded,  
And lawfully bedded,  
That he like a stone,  
Or log, would have lain,  
I would ne're have been caught,  
But who would have thought  
He'd let me complain,  
And Treat me with nothing,  
And Treat me with nothing,  
But Labour in vain.

With grief I'm oppress'd  
Which I cannot smother,  
I'd fain be a Mother  
As well as the rest,  
I'm Buxom and Young,  
But declare it I can,  
That a Taylor's no Man,  
He lets me complain,  
And Treats me with nothing,  
And Treats me with nothing,  
But Labour in vain.

